

Title: Chaos? Order? Balance!

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Hail, readers,
intellectuals of
Britiannia! I am the
Kind Garrett Granth,
who, taking time off
from writing of his
globe-trotting
adventures (Most of
which involve
running very quickly)
Is getting back to his
sorcerer's roots, and
writing of all things
satirical. Today's
witty, insightful (or,
perhpas, insepid and
uninspired) essay
shallnot talk of the
housing problem here
in Britiannia. For
nearly a year now, I
have lived aboard
nothing more than a
small boat, and never
required anything
more than a sword, a
shield, a few items of
clothing cut into
bandage, and a small
supply of the regeants
that litter the forests
of Moonglow. Imagine
my surprise, then,
when I piloted my old
beat up small ship into
ice island, home to
many of my more
frigid adventures, and
found myself staring
at a castle with
towers. I sighed and
went on my way to
fight the orcs. (The
details of my orc
fighting can be found
in "The Adventures of
Garrett Granth #5 -
When Hell Freezes

Over" coming out soon,

see the Britiannia

Publishers, icq

64910587) And I

ask myself, is this

neccessary? Are

these fair

adventurers (and some

not-so fair, I am

sure) really true to

their character?

Would one man

actually need an entire

castle to himself?

Alas, that is not the

point.

The point is to

enlighten and inform,

and, hopefully, make

you laugh, and (if I'm

extremely lucky) buy

another book. And,

truthfully, I cannot

think of any way to do

that right now, so, I

shall be back in a

moment... * goes from

his desk, gets a bottle

of vodka from the

barkeep, comes back.

A guzzling noise is

heard* Ah, I am back!

Inspiration has struck

me! Goodday, reader,

gooday, rare

Britannian intellectual!

For you are rare!

You have spent money

on something designed

not to get you more

money, or keep you

alive. You have spent

money on a book.

Instead of feeding

your body (and do buy

some fish steaks

from the next poor

fisherman who comes

along, it's terribly

hard making a living

that way) you have

chosen to feed your

mind. And I

congradulate you. On

with the satire!

British and

Blackthorn! Oh, loe,

what ails these two

"great leaders"?
Chaos, order, chaos,
order! It is all
foolishness! They
might as well be
bickering children,
ones who do not
realize that, while
making a powerful
intellectual
argument, using the
faithful citizens of
Britannia as pawns,
they are both wrong,
only trying to prove
themselves right
because they can only
see that the other one
is wrong. Blackthorn
cannot have chaos as a
ruling principle!
Simply put, chaos
would result! Have
you seen Fellucia?
British cannot have
total order, either!
For total order is
tyranny, and tyrants
are overthrown only
by violence, not more
order. If you impose
chaos, order must be
reigned over it, if you
impose order, it will
be overthrown by
chaos. A balance must
exist, order must not
be overwhelming,
people must be allowed
the freedom of chaos.
Chaos cannot be total,
for then nothing can
ever become complex,
or good. Either way,
these powerful forces
must stay in balance,
therefore I am glad we
have both British and
Blackthorn. To
remove one is to doom
the other, and I hope
the order and chaos
guilds see this as
truth- Garrett Granth